Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.
Alb. Where haue you hid your ſelfe?
How haue you knowne the miſeries of your father?
Edg. By nurſing them my Lord.
Liſt a briefe tale, and when tis told
O that my heart would burſt the bloudy proclamation
To eſcape that followed me ſo neere,
(O our liues ſweetnes that with the paine of death,
Would hourly die, rather then die at once)
Taught me to ſhift into a mad-mans rags,
To aſſume a ſemblance that very dogges diſdain'd;
And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings,
(The precious ſtones new loſt) became his guide,
Led him, beg'd for him, ſau'd him from diſpaire,
Neuer (O Father) reueald my ſelfe vnto him
Vntill ſome halfe houre paſt when I was armed,
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſſe,
I askt his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt,
Told him my pilgrimage; but his flawd heart,
Alacke too weake the conflict to ſupport,
Twixt two extreames of paſſion, ioy and griefe,
Burſt ſmillingly.
Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath moued me,
And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeake you on;
You looke as you had ſomething more to ſay,
Alb. If there be more, more woefull hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolue hearing of this,
Edg. This would haue ſeemd a periode to ſuch
As loue not ſorow, but another to amplifie too much
Would make much more, and top extreamitie: *Lear &c.*
Whil'ſt I was big in clamor, came there in a man
Who hauing ſeene me in my worſt eſtate
Shund my abhord ſociety, but then finding
Who 'twas that ſo indur'd, with his ſtrong armes
He faſtened on my necke and bellowed out
As hee'd burſt heauen, threw me on my father,
Told the moſt pitious tale of *Lear* and him
That euer eare receiued, which in recounting

His

His griefe grew puiſſant, and the ſt
Began to cracke twice; then the tr
And there I left him traunſt.
Alb. But who was this?
Ed. Kent ſir, the baniſht *Kent*,
Followed his enemie king, and di
Improper for a ſlaue.
Enter one with a
Gent. Helpe, helpe,
Alb. What kind of helpe, wh
Gent. Its hot, it ſmokes, it came e
Alb. Who man, ſpeake?
Gent. Your Lady ſir, your La
By her is poyſoned, ſhe hath con
Baſt. I was contracted to then
Now marie in an inſtant.
Alb. Produce their bodies be
This Iuſtice of the heauens that
Touches vs not with pity.
Alb. O tis he, the time will n
The complement that very man
Kent. I am come to bid my Ki
Is he not here?
Duke. Great thing of vs forg
Speake *Edmund*, wher's the king
Seeſt thou this obiect *Kent*?
Kent. Alack why thus?
Baſt. Yet *Edmund* was beloue
The one the other poyſoned for
And after ſlue her ſelfe. *Duke*
Baſt. I pant for life, ſome goo
Deſpight of my owne nature; qu
Be briefe, in toth' caſtle for my
Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cor*
Nay ſend in time. *Duke.*
Edg. To who my Lord, who
Thy token of repreeue.
Baſt. Well thought on, take m

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